

WEALTH IN ONE SONG

"AFTER THE BALL" NETS A YOUNG MAN \$1,000 PER DAY.

The Most Successful Ballad of the Century—A Composer Who Cannot Read Music—How He Suddenly Awoke to Find Himself Famous.

(Special Correspondence.)

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 31.—It is a matter of more than passing interest that a Milwaukee boy has broken the record, in these record breaking days, as a song writer, publisher and seller. Everybody nowadays is singing that irresistible ballad, "After the Ball." The chorus—

After the ball is over, after the break of morn,
After the dancers' leaving, after the stars are gone,
Many a heart is aching, if you could read them all,
Many the hopes that have vanished, after the ball—

is heard everywhere, and it is probably the most successful song of the century, over 800,000 copies having been sold. It is said that no other song ever sold to so large an extent, and it is certainly a fact that no other song ever netted its composer a fortune in a few months' time.

The story of this song, "After the Ball," is full of human interest. The words and music were composed by Charles K. Harris in a few hours, and the most remarkable thing of all, outside of its popularity, is that the composer doesn't know one musical note from another! Harris is of Hebrew extraction, is 36 years of age, is self educated, and is the composer of at least 13 ballads that are now riding the topmost wave of popularity. He is of small stature, with red hair and blue eyes, and had eked out the usual everyday existence until a few months ago as a teacher of the banjo. Today he is one of the rich men of Milwaukee and is enjoying an income of over \$1,000 a day from the sale of "After the Ball."

Harris has struggled with all of the phases of poverty, but one morning about six months ago he awoke to find himself famous.

The composer showed me a record of forty amusement enterprises that were using his song as a feature of their entertainments. It was first brought to public notice by a member of Hallen & Hart's company late in the spring. Its refrain has traveled around the world and is now being sung everywhere. Go where you may, you can't get out of its reach. It has been dubbed the Colum-



CHARLES K. HARRIS.

bian song of the World's fair, and one has heard nothing else there. The bands have played it, the soloists have sung it, and even the Dahomeans and Nubians of the Midway who can't speak a word of English and the dancing girls of the Persian and Algerian theaters have learned to hum the tune.

"After the Ball" has been a veritable contagion. From the Bowery to Coney Island it has been the ballad of the summer, and millions of Americans are singing it. It is just now the rage in London and Paris, and the Swiss and Italian makers of music boxes and hand organs have immortalized it in these instruments of torture, and its popularity is actually increasing day by day. Cold weather may freeze it out, or cholera may come and divide honors with it, but these are mere surmises.

That almost a million copies have been printed and sold is no surmise or matter of guesswork. I called on Mr. Harris, the composer, yesterday, and he verified this remarkable statement by showing me his order books and cash receipts. Leading dealers are ordering the song in 5,000 lots, and Harris' income has averaged for several weeks \$1,000 a day from the sale of his songs.

The career of the young composer and the story of how he wrote "After the Ball" possesses many elements of romantic interest. He was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in 1864. When a year old, his parents removed to New York city, where his boyhood was passed. When 18 years of age, the boy came with his family to Milwaukee, where he has lived ever since. When comparatively young, he began composing music, and thus far upward of 90 of his compositions have been published. He never had the advantage of a musical education, but he takes to music and music making as naturally as a duck takes to water. His first songs were sold to publishers, but shortly after young Harris became his own publisher. Several songs proved fairly successful, and one entitled "Kiss and Let's Make Up" netted him \$6,000. But it was not until he composed "After the Ball" that things began coming his way in tallies and songs.

Harris told me, and I now give for the first time the simple story of how the song was written. Last March the Milwaukee bicyclists were preparing to give an amateur entertainment. Sam Doctor, a local singer, called on Harris one morning about a week before the show and asked him to write him a song. Harris had attended a ball in Chicago the night before and was lying on a sofa in his office when Doctor called. "I am too tired, Sam," said Harris, "to try to do anything just now. I am suffering from the fatigue of after the ball." Doctor urged his claims, and finally Harris consented to compose something for his friend. "I will tell the rest of the story in my own language."

"The words of my reply, 'After the

ball,' kept ringing in my ears, and I quickly recognized that I had a catchy title for a song. I thought out the verses, and little by little the tune came to me, and I fitted the words to it. Finally the whole thing developed, and it came to me like an inspiration. I hurried to a music house and ascertained that no music had been published bearing the same or a similar title to 'After the Ball.' Then I sent for Joseph Clander, the orchestra leader, and picked out the piece on the piano for him—I can't read or write music, but I can play anything by ear—and I asked him if he could write it down for me. Clander can grasp and write music as quickly as a stenographer can take a dictation, and in an hour or so I had the words and music of 'After the Ball' on paper.

"Well, I gave the manuscripts to Doctor, and after rehearsing it he sang it for the first time at the amateur minstrel show. I sat way back in the house, very nervous over the outcome. Doctor sang two verses finely and got a tremendous applause. This staggered him, and he forgot the third. I left the house chagrined and mortified. I threw the manuscripts in a drawer with a lot of rubbish, fully determined never to publish or look at it again. But the people who heard it remembered the tune, and it grew on them. I heard boys whistling it a few days later. Some Chicago visitors carried it to that city, and I had two or three inquiries for it. Two weeks later Ditson of Boston ordered 10 copies. I don't know how it had got that far out. This order induced me to publish the song, and the result is known. Today I had a telegraphic order from this same Boston house for 5,000 copies. I expect the circulation to touch the million mark early in September. I keep two printing houses at work on my music, and my bills for press work are \$5,000 per month. G. H. YENOWINE.

LOADED FOR BEAR.

An Amateur Hunter's Experience in the Magdalena Mountains. (Special Correspondence.)

SANTA FE, Aug. 31.—"No more bears in mine" was the emphatic announcement made by Mr. William Hall of St. Louis as soon as he was able to make known his wants. And he had never met but one bear either.

He had been in New Mexico two or three weeks and was doing some amateur hunting in the Magdalena mountains southwest of Socorro. He had gone out with the desire and intention of finding and killing a bear and was very much disgusted when he had spent a week in camp and had not yet seen one. So one day he started out alone, telling his companions he was going out loaded for bear and wasn't coming back until he got one.

But all this did not make his surprise one bit the less when a big cinnamon suddenly rose up out of some brush a few feet in front of him. He was so surprised that he forgot what he was there for and simply stood and stared at the huge beast as it began to make for him in a bee line. But before the animal quite reached him his wits returned, and he swung the rifle to his shoulder. He says that he pulled a trigger and is quite sure that he landed one bullet inside the bear's hide, for he is positive that he heard a dull thud. But he admits that what he heard might have been the bear's paw on the side of his head, for the creature brought a tremendous raking blow down the side of his head and across his throat.

And then Mr. Hall knew no more until pain brought him to his senses some time—he has no idea how long—afterward. Then the bear was gone and has not since been in evidence. But it had inflicted horrible punishment upon the intruder into its domain. Mr. Hall had been knocked over a low precipice—a small cliff a few feet in height—and either the fall or the force of the bear's blow with its paw had broken his right leg. The flesh was torn in great strips from his right thigh and right arm, and flesh and skin hung in tatters from the right side of his face. He was so weak from the loss of blood that when he tried to drag himself along the ground he fell back exhausted and almost fainting. Then he tried to call out for help, but found that he could not make a sound, and there was an excruciating pain in his throat.

He thinks that he must soon have lapsed into a semidelirious condition and remained in that state for some hours. He lay there in the sun all through the hottest part of the day, but toward evening some Mexicans came along and found him. One of them took off his shirt and tore it up, and with the strips they bound up his wound the best they could. Then they carried him in their arms to the nearest wagon road, put him into a wagon and drove him to Socorro. Through all of this Mr. Hall was conscious only at rare intervals, and he could not speak nor even whisper a single syllable.

He had gone into the mountains from Kelly, and so in Socorro no one knew who he was or where he belonged. A physician there set his leg and bandaged his wounds, and then they sent him on the train to Santa Fe to the hospital of the Sisters of St. Vincent. One of the sisters returning to Santa Fe from Socorro cared for him on the train.

Finally settled in the hospital, it was several days before he recovered strength enough to care whether the bear should come back and eat him up or not. But one day he made some movements with his left arm which were understood to mean a desire for pencil and paper. They supposed he wanted to let them know his name and how they could communicate with his friends. So they watched anxiously while he slowly and clumsily penciled something on the paper, and then this was what they read, "No more bears in mine!"

A swipe of the bear's claws across his throat had torn it open and injured the vocal chords, but this wound healed as well as the others, and when he returned to St. Louis, where his father is a wealthy and influential citizen, he had recovered his voice. FLORENCE FURCO KELLY.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF ANYTHING LIKE IT, AT THE GREAT FAIR AT

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

WHICH BEGINS

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18 AND ENDS SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, '93

THERE WILL CONTEST IN RACES ON THE FAST MILE TRACK



NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED OF THE FASTEST HORSES NOW IN TRAINING



THE GREAT FREE FOR ALL TROT THE GREAT FREE FOR ALL PACE

WILL TAKE PLACE THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

WILL TAKE PLACE FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

THE ENTRIES ARE AS FOLLOWS:—Martha Wilkes, 2:08; Belle Vars, 2:08½; Little Albert, 2:10; Walter E., 2:10; Greenleaf, 2:10½; Nightingale (Anderson's), 2:10½; Nightingale (Hamlin's), 2:10½; Directum (3), 2:11½; Ryland T., 2:11½; Phoebe Wilkes, 2:12½; Favors, 2:12½; Henrico, 2:17½; Alix, 2:10.

THE ENTRIES ARE AS FOLLOWS:—Mascot, 2:04; Hal Pointer, 2:04½; Flying Jib, 2:05½; Guy, 2:06½; Manager, 2:07½; Blue Sign, 2:08½; Robert J., 2:09½; Ontonian, 2:07½; Riley Medium, 2:10½; Turco, 2:13; Atlantic King, 2:11; Divan, 2:15½.

PROGRAMME:

Monday, September 18, \$6,000 for races. Tuesday, September 19, \$8,000 for races. Wednesday, September 20, \$8,000 for races. Thursday, September 21, \$10,000 for races. Friday, September 22, \$8,000 for races. Saturday, September 23, \$8,000 for races.

HALF FARE RATES ON ALL RAILROADS.

JOHN S. BRITTAIN, PRESIDENT.

HOMER J. KLINE, SECRETARY.



Most Popular Wheels OF THE DAY.

We have now in stock the most approved and best line of Wheels ever shown here, and invite you to call and see the

"Dauntless Scorchers," "King Scorchers,"

"Royal Light Roadster," "The Majestic,"

"The Dauntless Compeer," for ladies

Also the latest Novelty, the COMMON SENSE HICKORY WHEEL.

Never buy a Wheel until you have seen us

CAMP BROTHERS.

Cor. 10th and M Sts.

Carriage Manufacturers.

FOUND IT AT LAST.

JUST THE BOOK I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

And several thousand others. I would advise all who would save time to go to

H. W. BROWN'S, 123 SOUTH 11TH ST

FOR BARGAINS

IN

WALL PAPER

AND

WINDOW SHADES

GO TO

1134 O STREET.

S. E. MOORE.



MANHOOD RESTORED! "NERVE REEDS." Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Stammering, Loss of Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all kinds of loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over-excitation, excessive use of tobacco, opium or other drugs, or by excessive use of alcohol, or by any other cause. Can be carried in your pocket. All per box, 50¢ for 100, by mail prepaid. With a 5¢ order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take no other. Write for free Medical Book sent mailed in plain wrapper. Address: H. W. BROWN & W. N. SMALL-KIRK, Chicago.

WESTERN NORMAL COLLEGE,

The School for the Masses

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

AN OLD SCHOOL IN A NEW LOCATION

(FORMERLY OF SHENANDOAH, IOWA.)

35 Departments.

35 Teachers.

Beautiful, healthy location, 30-acre campus, electric street car line runs directly to campus without change. \$250,000 in buildings, splendid equipments, superior accommodations, strong faculty, experienced management, comprehensive curriculum, thorough work, high moral and Christian influences and low expense for students.

DEPARTMENTS AND COURSES.

We have 25 courses. Our music, fine art, pen art, elocutionary, courses and kindergarten and model training schools (for both children and student teachers), are not equalled in the west.

STREET CAR TRANSFERS

to any part of the city for all who attend the Western Normal. You can enter at any time and find just such classes as you desire. Write, or call and see us.

Spring term opens April 11, 1893, and continues 10 weeks. Summer term opens June 20, 1893, and continues 8 weeks. You can enter at any time, however. Catalogue and circulars free.

Address.

WESTERN NORMAL COLLEGE, LINCOLN, NEB.

W. M. CROAN, President, or

W. J. KINSLEY, Sec'y and Treas.

INVITATIONS

Printed or Engraved

—FOR—

WEDDINGS

RECEPTIONS, BALLS, PARTIES, LUNCHEONS, ETC.,

WITH AMPLE EXPERIENCE IN THIS PARTICULAR LINE, WE ARE ENABLED TO EXECUTE THE MOST

Elegant Work

At Popular Prices, at the same time guaranteeing CORRECT FORMS and all the Very Latest Styles.

THE COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

Mail Orders Solicited.

1134 O Street.